

# Brittannia's Honor: 70

Brightly Shining in severall Magnificent  
Shewes or Pageants ; to Celebrate the Solemnity of  
the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE,

At his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Ho-  
nourable City of London, on Wednesday,

October the 29<sup>th</sup>. 1628.

At the particular Cost, and Charges of the Right VVorship-  
full, Worthy, and Ancient Society of Skinners.

Mart. lib. 7. Ep. 5. *Reversus Id, Magnus clamat nova-Trois Triumphos.*

Invented by THO. DEKKER. K



DR. J. H. HARRIS

1. The Commission has received information from the Ministry of Health, that the following persons have been identified as having been in contact with the deceased on the day of his death:

1940

Printed by T. W. D. & Co.

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some faint smudges and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book.

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To the Right Hono-  
rable, *Richard Deane* Lord Maior of the  
most Renowned Citty of *London* : And to the  
two worthy Sheriffes , *Mr. Rowland Backhouse*,  
and *Mr. William Aton*.

Honorable Prætor :  
Noble Consuls.

**Y**ou are (this Yeare) the Subiect of my Verse,  
In You lye hid the Fires which beate my Braines,  
To You, my Songs Triumphant I rehearse :  
From you, a thanks brings in a golden Gaines,  
Since You are then the Glory of my Muse,  
But You, whom can shee for her Patrons chuse?

Whilst I rest,  
Devoted

To your Lordship,  
And worships

In all service,

153  
Tho. Dekker.

# To the Right Hono

table of the  
most renowned  
two worthy

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On this Year

To Your songs

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To. Dicker





# Brittannia's Honor:

Brightly shining in severall Magnificent Shewes or Pageants, to Celebrate the Solemnity of the Right Honorable RICHARD DEANE, at his Inauguration into the Majoralty of the Honorable City of London, on Wensday the 29. of October. 1628.



What Honor can bee greater to a Kingdome, than to have a City for beauty, able to match with the Fairest in the World? A City, renowned Abroad, admired at Home. London, and her Royall Daughter (Westminster) are the Representative body of the general State, for here our Kings and Queenes keepe their Courts; here are our Princes, the Peeres, Nobility, Gentry, Lords spirituall and Temporall, with the Numerous Commonalty.

London in Fortaine Countries is called the Queene of Cities, and the Queene-mother over her owne. She is her Kings Chamber-royall, his Golden-Key: His Store-house: The Magazine of Merchandize; the Mistress of Sciences; a Nurse to all the Shires in England.

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So famous shee is for her *Buildings*, that *Troy* has leap'd out of her own *Cinders*, to build Her *Wals*. So remarkable for *Priority* and *Power*, that hers is the Master-wheele of the whole *Kingdome*. As that moues, so the *maine Engine* works.

*London* is *Admirall* ouer the *Navy royall* of *Cities*: And as she sayles, the whole *Fleete* of them keepe their course.

Fully to write downe all the *Titles*, *Stiles*, and *Honors* of this our *Metropolis*, would weary a 1000. pennes: *Apollo* shall haue a *New Garland* of *Bayes*, to vndertake it.

As thus in State, shee her selte is *Glorious*; so haue all our *Kings* held it fit to make her chiefe *Ruler* eminent, and answerable to her greatnesse. The *Pratorian* Dignity is therefore come from the ancient *Romans*, to inuest with Robes of Honor, our *Lord Maior* of *London*: Their *Consuls* are our *sheriefes*; their *Senators* our *Aldermen*.

The extention of a *Lord Maiors* power, is euery yeare to bee seene both by Land and Water: Downe as low as *Lee* in *Essex*: Vp, as high as *Stanes* in *Middlesex*: In both which places, he keepes personall Courts. His House is a *Chancery*: He the *Chancellor* to mitigate the fury of Law: Hee the *Moderator* betweene the griping *Rich* and the wrangling *Poore*.

All the *City Orphans* call him *Father*: All the *Widdowes* call him their *Champion*. His *Table* lyes spread to *Courtiers*, and *Free* to all *Gentlemen* of fashion.

More to Proclaime his Greatnesse, what *Vice-roy* is install'd with louder popular acclamations? What *Deputie* to his *Soueraigne* goes along with such *Triumphes*? To behold them, *Kings*, *Queenes*, *Princes*, and *Embassadors* (from all parts of the *World*) haue with *Admiration*, reioyced.

These *Triumphall passages* are full of *Magnificence* for State, *Minifience* for Cost, and *Beneficence* for doing good. For, besides all the *twelue Companies*, (euery one of which is a gayner by this imployment:) it would puzzle a good memory



## *Brittannia's Honor.*

mory to reckon vp all those *Trades-men* (with other extraordinary Professions which liue not in the City) who get money by this Action.

Then by this meanes, are euery Yeare added to those that were before, three Faire, Spacious, and Pallacious Houses, Beautified, Painted, and Adorned.

The Lord Maior of *London* (like a Prince) hath likewise his Variety of Noble Recreations: As Hunting, Shooting, Wrastling, before him, and such like.

Thus hauing (as it were in *Lantschip*) a farre off shewne you the Toppes onely of our *City-Buildings*; and in a little Picture drawne the Face of her *Authority*, giuing but a glimpse of her *Prator* as hee passes by; let mee now open a Booke to you, of all those Ceremonies, which this great *Festiuall* day hath prouided to Attend vppon him, and doe him Honor.

### *The first Shew, is called a Sea-Consort.*

The first Salutation being on the *VVater*, is furnished with Persons and Properties fitting the quality of that Element. An Artificiall *Rocke* therefore is quaintly contriued: On whose highest Ascent sits *Amphitrite* Queene of the Seas, habited to her State; a Mantle frindg'd with siluer crossing her Body: Her hayre long, and disheuelled, on her head, a phantasticke dressing made out of a Fishes writhen shell, interwouen with Pearle, the shell is siluer, on the top of it stands an Artificiall moouing Torroyse: On each side of her, swimme two *Mermaides*. These two intic'd by the variety of seuerall instruments (ecchoing to one another) haue followed the *Sea-Soueraigne*, and waite vppon her, as Maides of Honor.

Round about the *Rocke* are *Sea-Nimphes*, and in places conuenient for them are bestowed our three famous Riuers, *Humber*, *Trent*, and *Seuerne*, aptly attired according to the quality of such Marine Persons, who play vpon Corners.

*Amphitrite*

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*Amphitryte is the Speaker. From whom are  
delivered these lines.*

**H**ail worthy Prætor, (Hail Græue Senators)  
The Queene of Waues (leaving Gray Neptunes Bowres)  
wailes here (Faile Lord) to serue you. Fatnes Report,  
(So farre as old Oceanus Christall Court)  
what Tryumphes Ceremony forth would Call  
To Swell the Ioyes of This Grand Festiuall,  
Iustice de me with my Mermaydes and a Train  
Of Sea-Nymphes hither. Here (this day) shall Reigne  
Pleasures in State Maiesticke: And to lend  
A brighter Splendor to them, do Attend  
Three of my Noblest Children, Humber, Trent,  
And Seuerne (Glorious made by Punishment.)  
The siluer-footed Thames (my eldest sonne)  
To Grace your Tryumphes, by your Barge shall runne.

Your Fortunes (led by a white-handed Fate  
Vp to this High Fame) I Congratulate:  
Glad am I to behold you Thus Set Round  
with Glories, Thus with Acclamations Crowned,  
So Circled, and Hemd in, on Every side  
with Echoing Musicke, Fishes euen take pride  
To Swimme along, and listen, Goe, and Take  
The Dignity staves for you, whilst I make  
Smooth way Before you, on This Glassy Floore,  
Vshering your glad Arriuall to the Shore.

To Honors Temple now you haue not farre,  
Hye, and Come backe more Great than yet you Are,  
On,

And so the Cornets playing one to Another, they goe for-  
ward. If her Maiestie be pleased on the Water, or Land, to  
Honor These Tryumphes with her Presence; This following  
Speech



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Speech in French is then deliuered to her, with a Booke of the Presentations, All the Couer, being set thicke with *Flowre de Lucas* in Gold.

MADAME,

**V**Oicy, maintenant les Quatre Elements qui vos Attendent pour vous faire Honneur. L'eau est Couuerte de Triomphes flottans, pour Dancer en L'Air: E' L'Air est Remply de Mille Echos, & Resentit de la douce Musique, que leur voix resonne, pour Attirer vos oreilles fauorables a les Esconter. Puis vous auez, sur la, Terre dix mille Mains qui vous Applaudissent pour loy & Allegresse quelles ressentent de voir vostre Maeste dans la Ville. L'Element du Feu, Brail & Tonne vostre Bien Venue. Vos Subjects accourent a grand Foule, ravis de voir les Graces qui ont choisi leur Throsne sur vostre Front. Toutes les Delices d'Amour se Ionent sur vos paupiettes, La Rose d'Angleterre, & les Fleurs de lis de France S'entrebaissent sur le Vermeil de vos Ioues. Soyez Saine comme le printemps, Glorieuse comme l'Este, Autant Fructense que la vigne. Que Scurio garde, & Enuironne vostre Chariot le Iour: Et le Sommeil dore Dresse & orne vostre Chambre de Nuit. Vinez longuement: Vinez Heureuze: Vinez aimee, & Cherie. Bonte vous garde, Vertu vous Couronne; Et les Anges vous guident.

*Thus Englished.*

ROYALL LADY,

**B**Ehold, the foure Elements waite vpon you to do you Honor: Water hath prouided Floating Tryumphes to Dance in the Aire: In the Aire are a Thousand Ecchoes with Musick in their Mouthes, to Intice you to heare them: On the Shore shall ten thousand paire of hands giue you Plaudits in the City: The Element of Fire, Thunders aloud your welcomes. Thronges of Subjects here, are glad to see the Graces Inthroand on your Forehead: All the Delicacies of

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*Lowe*, playing on your *Eye-lids*, The *Roses* of *England*, and the  
*Lillies* of *France*, Kissing one Another on your *Cheeks*. Be  
 you healthfull as the *Spring*; Glorious as *Summer*: Fruitfull  
 as the *Vine*: Safety runne along your *Chariot* by *Day*; *Gold-*  
*den Slumbers* dresse vp your *Chamber* at *Night*.

*Live long,*

*Live happy,*

*Live beloude;*

*Goodnesse* Guard you,

*Vertues* Crowne you,

*Angels* Guide you.

### The second Presentation, *New Troyes Tree of Honor*.

A Person in a rich *Romane* Antique Habt, with an orna-  
 ment of *Steeple*s, *Towers*, and *Turrets* on her head, Sits in a  
 queint *Arbor*, Interwouen with seuerall *Branches* of *Flower*.

In her *Left hand*, she holds a golden *Truncheon* (leaning  
 on the ground) to shew that shees a *Leader & Conductresse* of  
 a *Mighty People*: Her *Right Hand* (thrusting through the  
*Arbor*) takes hold of a *Tree*, out of which spread *Twelve*  
*Maine* and *Goodly Branches*.

This *Lady* (thus sitting) Represents *London*: The *Tree*  
 (guarded and support'd by her) The *12. Superior Companies*.

Vpon euery particular *Branch*, is bestowed the *Armes* of  
 some One of the *Twelve*, exprest in the *True Collors* within a  
 faire *shield*. The highest *Branch* of all (as ouer-topping the  
 Rest at *This Time*) bearing the *Armes* of the *Skinners* in a more  
 large and glorious *Escuchion*.

Among the *Leaves* in the *Top*, is a *Tablet*, in which is writ-  
 ten, in letters of gold, *Vniue Concordas, Line in Line* (or  
*Agree in one*).

Over the Person, Representing *London*, is likewise Inscr-  
 ibed in golden *Capitals*, This,

*Mee cunctus Lauro perducet ad astra Triumphus.*

Each *Triumph Crown'd* with *Bayes*,

*Mee* to the *Statres* does raize.



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In places conuenient, and in a Triangular forme, vnder the twelve branches of the Tree, are seated *Minerva*, (Inuentresse and Patronesse of Artes, Handy-crafts, and Trades) in Ornaments proper to her quality: And not farre from her, is *Bellona* goddesse of VVarre, in a Martiall habit, on her head a Helme and Plume, in her hands a golden Speare and Shield, with a *disfaced* head. Heere by intimating, that both *Artes* and *Armes*, are (in a high degree and fulnesse of honor,) nurc'd vp and maintain'd by and in the City: And that either of them flourish brauely vnder the shaddow and protection of the *twelue Branches*, shooting forth from that. *New Troy's Tree of Honor.*

Vpon a border of Flowers, inclosing this Tree, are fitly bestowed the *Armes* of as many of the inferior Companies in lesse Escutcheons, as for the quantity of roome, can there be handsomely placed.

VVithin the same Border, (where lesse Trees also grow) are presented *Peace*, *Religion*, *Ciuill Government*, *Iustice*, *Learning*, *Industry*, and close to *Industry*, *Honor*. For as all these are golden Columnes, to beare vp the *Glories* of the City, so is the City an indulgent and carefull Mother, to bring vp them to their *Glories*. And as these *twelue Noble Branches* couer these Persons, (as it were with the wings of Angels,) so the Persons watch day and night to defend the *twelue Branches*.

These Persons are adorned fitting their state and condition, and hold such properties in their hands, as of right belong vnto them.

1. *Peace* hath a Dove on her fist, and a Palme-tree Branch in her hand.

2. *Religion* is in a white glittering robe, with a Coronet of Starres on her head, holding in one hand, a Booke open, in the other, a golden ladder, (emblem of prayer, by whose

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steppes wee climbe to Heauen.)

3. *Ciwill Government* is in a roabe full of eyes, and a Dyall in her hand to expresse her Vigilance: For shee must watch euery houre, and keepe all eyes open, yet all little enough.

4. *Iustice* holds a Sword.

5. *Learning* a Booke, and a *Jacobs Staffe*.

6. *Industry*, a golden Hammer, and a Sea-mans Com-  
passe, as taking paines to get wealth, both by Sea and Land.

7. *Honor* sits in Scarlet.

The Person, in whom is figured *London*, is the  
Speaker, who thus salutes his Lordship.

**T**En thousand welcomes Greete you on the shore,  
(My long expected Prætor,) O before  
You looke on Others, fixe your eyes on mee,  
On mee, your second Mother, (*London*.) Shew  
whom all Great Brittaines Citties, stile their Queene,  
For still I am, and haue her Darling beene.  
The Christian world, in Me, reads Times best stories,  
And Reading, fals blind at my dazzling Glories,  
But now the Snow of age, coners my head:  
As therefore you, by mee haue up binbred,  
You (Sir) must Nurse me now: with a quicke eye  
View then my Tree of Honor, branching high  
For hundreds of past yeares, with 12. large Stems,  
Twelue Noble Companies, which like 12. Ions  
So shine, they adde new Sun-beames to the Day:  
Guard all these 12. maine-Boughes; but you must lay  
A soft hand, on the Topping-branch, for there  
(Thrine the Roote well) your Selfe grows at this yeare:  
The lesser twigges which lowly runne along  
My tall Tree Border, you must shield from wrong,  
There the poore Bee, (the sweating Trades-man) flies

From



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*From Flower to Flower, and home with Honey byes.*

*With me Minerua, and Bellona come,  
For Artes and Armes, must at your Board haue roome,  
Your Gates will spread, the Rich to entertaine,  
But whilst the Mighty ones within remaine,  
And feast: Remember at the same Gate stands  
The Poore, with crying Papers in their hands,  
To watch when Iustice on the Glasse shall turne,  
Let those sands runne, the Poore can neuer mourne.*

*Place in your eyes two Beacons, to descry  
Dangers farre off, which strike ere home they fly;  
Kisse Peace; let Order euer steere the Helme,  
Left-handed Rule, a State does ouerwhelme.*

*You are your Soueraignes Gardner for one yeare,  
The Plot of Ground, yare trusted with, lies here,  
(A Citty,) and your care must all bee spent,  
To prune and and dresse the Tree of Government.*

*Lop off Disorders, Factions, Mutiny,  
And Murmurations against those sit high,  
May your yeares last day, end as this begins,  
Sphar'd in the loues of Noble Citizens.*

Our third presentation is call'd, *The  
Glory of Furies.*

**T**His is a *Chariot Triumphant*, garnished with Trophies  
of Armors. It is drawne by two *Luxernes*, The Sup-  
porters of the Skinners Armes. On the two *Luxernes*  
ride two Antickes, who dance to a Drum beating be-  
fore them, there aptly placed. At the vpper end of this Cha-  
riot, in the most eminent Seate, carrying the proportion of  
a Throne, are aduanced a *Russian Prince* and *Princesse*;  
richly habited in Furies, to the custome of the Country.

1. Vnder them, sits an old Lord, Furred vp to his chin  
in a short cloake,

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2. By him, a Lady with Marten skinner about her necke,  
and her hands in a Muffe.
3. Then, a Judge in Robes Furred.
4. Then, an Vniuersity Doctor, in his Robes furred,
5. Then, a Frow in a short furred Cassocke, girt to her.
6. Then a Skipper in a furred Cap.

In all these Persons, is an implication of the necessary, ancient, and general use of Furses, from the highest to the lowest.

On the Top of this Throne, (at the foure corners) are erected the *Armes* of the City, in foure Pendants: On the point of the fore front, a large square Banner plaies with the wind, which *Fame* (who is in this Chariot,) holds in her hand, as she stands vpright, *Being the Speaker.*

**F**ame's name is now to Speake, for who but Fame  
Can with her thousand Tongues abroad Proclaime,  
That this dayes Progress (rising like the Sunne,) *which through the yearly Zodiacke on must runne.*

Fame hath brought hither from great Mosco's Court,  
(The seauen-mouth'd Volga, spreading the report,) *Two Russian Princes, who to feast their eyes,*  
*With the rich wonders of these rarities,*  
*Ride in this glorious Chariot; How amaze*  
*They looke, to see streetes throng'd, and windowes glaz'd*  
*With beauties, from whose eyes such beames are sent,*  
*Here moves a second starry Firmament.*

*Much, on them, startling admiration winnes,*  
*To see these Braue, Graue, Noble Citizens,*  
*So stream'd in multitudes, yet flowing in State,*  
*For all their Orders are Proportionate.*

Russia, now enuies London, seeing (here) spent  
Her richest Furses, in gracefull ornament,  
More Braue, and more abounding, than her owne:  
A golden Pen he eernes, that can make knowne



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The use of Fures, so Great, so Generall,  
All men, may these, their Winter Armons call,  
Th' invention of warme Fures the Sunne did free,  
For Russians lap'd in these, slighted his heate,  
Which scene, his fiery Steedes he drove from thence,  
And so the Muske has dwelt in cold ere since.  
What royalties, adde Fures to Emperors, Kings,  
Princes, Dukes, Earles, in the distinguishing,  
Of all their severall Robes? The Fures warme here,  
Above the old Romane State make Ours appear:  
The reverend Iudge, and all that climbe the trees  
Of sacred Artes, ascend to their Degrees,  
And by the colours chang'd of Fures are knowne:  
What Dignity, each Corporation  
Puts on by Fures, witnesse these infinite eyes,  
Thanke then the bringers of these Baniets,  
I wish (Graue Prætor) that as Hand in Hand,  
Plenty and Bounty bring you safe to Land,  
So, Health may be chiefe Carver at that Board,  
To which you hasten: See as Good a Lord  
In the eyes of Heaven, as this day you are Great  
In Fames applause: Hye to your Honor'd Seat.

### The fourth Presentation is Called Britannia's Watch-Tower.

**T**His is a Magnificent Structure, Advancing it selfe from  
the Platforme, or Ground-woke upward, with the  
Bewry of eight Antique Termes, By whose strength is  
supported a Four square Building; The Toppe of which is a  
Watch-Tower, or Lanthorne, with eight Columnes of silver;  
And, on the Highest poynt of this Watch-Tower, is Advan-  
ced a Banner, bearing the Cullors of the Kingdome.

At foure Corners of the vpper Square, stand foure Pen-  
dents

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dants; In which are the Armes of the foure Companies of which his Lordship is Free.

At each end of this Platforme, stands a great *Corymbian Brazen Pillar*, on a *Pedestall of Marble*.

On the *Capitals* of those Pillars, stand two *Angels*, in Postures ready to flye: holding Garlands of Victory in one hand, sticke with White and Red Roses, and Branches of Palme in the other.

The *Capitals* and *Bases* of the Pillars are Gold, and are Emblemes of the two Houses of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*; once diuided, but now Ioyned into One Glorious Building, to Support This Royal Kingdom, & Consequently This City.

At Night, in place of the *Angels*, are set two Great Lights: and so is the Watch-Tower at that Time, Filled with lighted Tapers.

Vpon the same Square, in foure seuerall Places, are Advanced foure stately Pyramides, being Figures, of the foure Kingdomes Embellished with Escutcheons.

In the vpper seate of all (fashioned into a *Throne*) is placed *Britannia*, Maiestically attirde, sitting to her Greatnesse.

Beneath Her, and round about Her, are these Persons: *viz.* *Magnanimity* with a drawne Sword.

A *Shipwright* with a Mallet, holding a Scutcheon, in which is drawne a Ship vnder sayle. Then,

A person representing *Victory*, with a Palme Tree.

*Prudence* with a Trumpet, ready to Foresee Dangers, and awaken Men to meete them.

All These haue bene, and still are, Watch-Towers, and Lanthornes, in the Nights of Feare and Trouble, to Guard the Kingdome, and in the Kingdome, This City.

In other Eminent places are seated some of those Kinges of *England* (in Robes Emmynd) whose loues and Royall fauors, in former times were Watch-Towers to Grace *London*,  
sticke



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stucke full with the Beames and Lights of Honors, Titles, Offices, Magistracies and Royalties, which they Bestowed vpon Her.

*Edward Confessor*, called *Londons* Chiefe Ruler, a Port-reue.

*Richard 1.* appointed two Bayliffes ouer *London*.

*King Iohn* gaue the Citty a Lord Maior and two Sheriffes.

*Henry 3.* added Aldermen.

These were Tender ouer the Renowne of the Citty, and still heaped on her head, Royalties vpon Royalties.

And albeit most of our Kinges, haue in most of all of the twelue Companies, Entred their Names, as Free of the Societies, thereby to Royallize their Brotherhoods: And that many of our Kinges likewise, besides Princes and Great Personages, haue bin Free of *This Company*, whose Names I forbear to set downe, because they haue in former yeeres beene fully exprest: yet no Company, did euer, or can hereafter, receiue such Graces from Kinges, as *This Antient*, and *Honord Corporation of Skinners*, hath had, and still haue, In regard that All our Kinges and Princes, sit in their high Courts of Parliament in Robes Ermynd, (being the richest Furre) the workmanship of which goes through the *Skinners* fingers, wearing likewise vnder their Crownes, *Royall Caps* of Honor Ermynd.

Three of such Crownes, beeing the rich *Armes* of *This Company*, thereby expressing aswell their Honor, as Antiquity.

*Britannia* deliuers thus much.

**S** Hall the Proud wife of Neptune, or shrill Fame,  
Or Troynouant her selfe, Ring out your Name:  
And I be Dumbe, or sparing, to Sound high,  
The Glories of This Day? No, They shall Fly  
Like Soaring Eagles, to That Curled Maine  
whose Head my Rocky Bridle, In does Reine:

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The Great Britannia, Bred you in her wombe,  
Heare then a Mothers Counsell; You are Come  
Aboard a Goodly Ship, where all your State,  
Fame, Honor and Renowne (Imbarqu'd) must waite  
The voyage of twelue Moones. High Admirall  
You are to All That Fleete, which Thus you Call  
To sayle in This vast Ocean. Nor must you  
Walke Heartlesse on the Hatches, Theres a New  
State-Navigation, to be studied Now,  
With an High-rear'd, Vndanted, Fixed Brow.

Be sure to haue Braue Ordnance, and Charg'd well;  
In this your Ship, Trust None, For Officers Sell  
Their Captaines Trast; let None but your owne Eyes,  
Rule Chart and Compasse, There your Safety lyes.

Your Owne Hands steere the Helme, But Strongly Steere,  
Anà spite of stormes, be stoute when you stand There.

Embleme of Mercy! Your Keene sword does sleepe,  
But why a Sword, if not to Kill, and Keepe  
Vices (like Slaues) in Awe? Fulnesse of Wine  
Is a Fowle Drop sicke, That and Lust Entwine:  
Pride a Swolne Timpany, Sloth, the Beggars Goute,  
(In Tradesmens Hands and Feete, It runnes about,)  
No Cure for this! Oathes thicke as Small-shot flye  
From Children, No Defence to Put this by!

You May, you Must. I Counsell not, but Reade  
A Lesson of my loue; By which Loue led  
Ile on, and Bring you to your Honor Chaire,  
Whil'st Aues (Round about you) Dance i'th' Aire.

The last Presentation is called the Sun's Bower.

The vpper part of this, is adorned with seuerall Flowers,  
which inrerwouen together, dresse vp a comely Greene Arbor,  
in which the Sunne sits, with golden Beames about his Face;

an



## Brittannia's Honor.

an Attire glittering like gold ; and a mantle bright as his garment, fringed with gold, his haire curled and yellow. About him are placed, *Spring, Summer, Autumne, and Winter*, in proper Habiliments. Beneath these, is a *VVildernesse*, in which are many sorts of such *Beasts*, whose rich Skinnes serue for *Furres*: As the *Beare, wolfe, Leopard, Luzerne, Cat-A-Mountaine, Foxes, Sables, Connies, Ferrets, Squirrels, &c.* Of these *Beasts*, some are climbing, some standing, some grinning, with luely, naturall postures. In a *Scrole*, hanging on a *Bough*, This is written in *Capitall letters*.

*Deus ecce Furentibus obstat.*

See, for all some *Beasts* are fell,  
There's one, that can their curstnesse quell.

## Sol is the Speaker.

**H** *Eauens bright Orientall Gates I op'd this Morne,*  
*And Hither wheeld my Chariot to adorne*  
*These splendors with my Beames: nere did the Sun*  
*In his Celestiall Circle faster runne*  
*Than Now, to see these Sight's: O how I ioi*  
*To view a Kingdome, and a New-built Troy*  
*So flourishing, so full, so faire, so deare*  
*Toth' Gods: they leaue Ioue's Court to reuell here.*

*All o're the VVorld, I trauell in one Day,*  
*Yet oft am forc'd to leaue my beaten way,*  
*Frighted with Vproares, Battailles, Massacres,*  
*Famines, and all that Hellish brood of warres:*

*I meete no Peace but here. O blessed Land!*  
*That seest fires kindling round, and yet canst stand*  
*Vnburnt for all their flames; O Nation blest!*  
*VVhen all thy Neighbours sbrike, none wound thy brest.*  
*To Crowne these ioyes, with me are come along,*

## Brittannias Honor.

The foure Lords of the yeare, who by a strong  
Knot of charme, bring in this goodly Russian prize,  
As earnest of a more rich Merchandize:  
Halfe of our Race, Time, and my Houres haue runne,  
Nor shall they giue o're till the Goale be wonne.

The Sunne at Night being couered with a vaile  
of Darknesse: The Perlon, representing  
London, thus takes leaue.

**T**He Sunne is mantled in thicke Clouds of Blacke,  
And by his hidden Beames threatens the wracke  
Of all these Glories: Euery pleasure dyes  
VWhen Raven-winged Night, from her Caue flies;  
None but these Artificiall Starres keepe fire  
To Light you Home, these burne with a desire  
To lengthen your braue Triumphes; but their heate  
Must coole, and dye at length, tho ne're so Great.  
Peace therefore guide you on: Rest, charme your eyes,  
And Honors waite to cheere you when you Rise.

Let it be no Ostentation in Me the Inuentor, to speak thus  
much in praise of the workes, that for many yeares, none  
haue beene able to Match them for curiosity: They are not  
Vast, but Neate, and Comprehend as much Arte for Archi-  
tecture, as can be bestowed vpon such little Bodies. The com-  
mendations of which must liue vppon Mr. Gerard Christmas  
the Father, and Mr. Iohn Christmas the Sonne.

FINIS.



